

Watauga Democrat.

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A DEMOCRATIC family newspaper devoted to the interest of its County, State and Nation.

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J. F. SPAINHOUR, Editor.

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KEPHALINE

A safe and reliable remedy for HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE and NEURALGIA. A few drops passed over the painful surface gives immediate relief, with termination of the attack. Price 35c. and 50c. per bottle. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

KEPHALINE TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. A. G. Corpesing North Catawba Caldwell Co. N. C. says, "I write this to say that the little bottle of medicine called Kephaline is a splendid remedy for headache my whole family use it and all say that it relieves them."

Mr. Wilson Lanton, Kings Creek, Caldwell Co. N. C. says "I have used Kephaline for headache, toothache and neuralgia and have never failed to be relieved. I have also used it for Colic in doses of one and two drops with great benefit."

Rev. Sam Jones.

HE HAS BEEN WAXING-UP THE DANVILLIANS.

Some Sayings of the Samsonian Singsinger.

We take the following sayings of Sam Jones from the Danville, Va., Times. They were reported for that paper by Mr. James W. Biggs during the great evangelist's preaching in that city. To get the full force and meaning of his sledge-hammer hits however, we should know the connection—the application—of what otherwise might appear to be far-fetched and unpollished.

"If I were a merchant, I would not employ any young man that drank whiskey and played billiards. I wouldn't know whose money paid for it. I don't say all such will steal, but I most say so.

Any preacher who would sit around and allow his members to do such things is not fit to manage a litter of pups.

Did you ever hear of a man getting religion under a read sermon? You will say my sort can't get you—the other sort can't. You have had solemn preaching enough to convert every person in Danville. If you want to do better pitch in.

I hear talking in that end of the house. No gentleman

would talk in that way—no vagabond shall. If you can't keep quiet get up your old carcass and get out of here.

You want to have a good time; you old fool, you don't know what a good time is. Down in my country the chain-gangs are full of such people.

The old people are now after money and the young after a good time.

If there is anything I despise it is a dude with a pistol in his hip pocket. I am uneasy lest it should go off and blow his brains out.

I know some of you don't like this talk. If you don't just walk out.

God is powerless to save any man without the help of others. The Devil is powerless to damn a man without the co-operation of his agents.

Some women are such cool, calm christians they do not want others to say "halloo-jah," and they will go right home and raise the devil with the cook about burnt biscuits.

There is not a two-year-old negro baby who doesn't know as much about what sort of a place hell is as the finest scholar or scientist who ever lived.

A hundred years ago the Methodist Church was just what the Salvation Army is now—only they were not able to buy a drum and tambourine.

I am a Methodist just like I am a Jones; I can't help myself. My mother and father, grand mother and great-grand mother were Methodists.

The meanest men in Danville today are members of the church—and the best also. Two extremes, and this enables the sinner to make an excuse on account of hypocrites.

The thirty saloon keepers in this city. A white-aproned, bull-neck bar-keeper has more influence than a preacher.

I would steal a cent off a dead negro's eye before I would sell liquor.

The general impression is if a girl is a good dancer she ain't much else. Never go to a ball room to look for a wife.

Never will I consider myself safe from a drunkard's grave until my wife kisses my forehead in death.

The man who distills liquor, the one who rents the house to the seller, the one who votes for the license, the one who sells it, and the one who drinks it can't be separated. If one is damned all will be. God being a just God is going to send the whole lot to hell together. I have more respect for the man who drinks it than any of them.

Girls are not as particular as boys. A boy will not go with an impure girl anywhere; but a girl will go to a ball and dance with a fellow she knows to be as smutty and dirty as the devil.

So-called christians who don't know whether they'll stop drinking or not; don't

know whether they'll stop dancing or not; don't know whether they'll give up this sin or that, ain't worth ten cents a dozen.

All who can't raise 35 cents for a prayer-book can take the pauper's oath and we'll give them one.

Foolishness is something to rub on what you call a "fool," and it takes a heap to go around, for there is several in the world.

Some say I use slang because I say dog, hog, and fool. Why they are the nick-names of a majority of the people to whom I preach.

A minister in town, I understand, says he can't exactly endorse Sam Jones. I don't need his endorsement, and if I had it, it wouldn't do me any good.

When the Lord gives a man 6, 8, or 10 children he does a big thing for him; but when He gives him only a wife and a canary bird, he throws off on him.

Jesus will not stay in the house where there is a pack of curds.

I have the same objection to a liquor seller that I have to a house, namely, the way he gets his living—from the heads of families.

I was born and bred a Democrat, and remained with that party as long as I could. Though I have quit that party, I want it understood, I never was low down enough to be a Republican.

The infernal saloons are after your sons and the theatres are after your daughters.

Show me the preacher who don't preach against liquor and I'll show you one that the devil is bragging on; and help the preacher who the devil brags about.

When you hear a man say that he's got no confidence in Sam Jones, just tell him to write that out, bring it to me and I'll sign the paper. I have no confidence in him myself. I have faith in the Lord Jesus and I am preaching Christ—not Sam Jones.

You Danville fathers who permit your daughters to drive out with young men at 8 o'clock in the night, may find yourselves mourning over their lost virtue.

A city girl was showing a country beau how to dance the German. She placed his arms around her, and then said: "Now go it." That's as far as I have ever gone, madam, replied the country fellow.

If mothers would teach their daughters to play on a cook stove, and make their own clothes, they wouldn't have to push them.

I don't believe it is a blessing for a boy to have a rich father. Take the props from under your boys and tell 'em to root hog or die.

When you strike a fool and a rascal you've got about the worst combination you can strike. Too wet to burn and too rotten to haul out. If I had the money that some of you people in Danville has and didn't give any more than you did, the devil would

get me, and he'll get some of you old hogs yet.

There are men in Danville worth \$100,000 who wouldn't give \$10 to the Y. M. C. A. to pull the boys out of hell.

No man ever left the pulpit to run for Congress or even the Presidency without falling infinitely. I had rather be a preacher than a king.

I like the Baptists. And I caught one of the best wives a man ever had out of their pond.

Sinners and Saints get so mixed up some times—saints going to sinners' balls—sinners going to saints' prayer meets—you can hardly tell tother from which. The good people of Danville, are afraid to bring on a prohibition election—afraid the thirty-odd little hell-holes in your city will clean you up. Why such christians as that would let a bull-neck bar-keeper take an old horse-pistol that has been loaded since the war and run the whole church out of town.

There are always some old lazy members of the church who hang around on the outskirts of a meeting and do nothing until the last day when they rush around in a mighty hurry and say, O, don't close, I am just getting ripe." Well, I ain't got time to stay here and rack you up and down the universe until you get ripe. Get ripe now.

TOWN SUBMERGED.
In the Great Pennsylvania Flood.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 1.—The raging storms that have prevailed through Penn., in the past few days have resulted in an appalling loss of life.

The scene of the terrible disaster is at Johnstown Pa., in Cambria county, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the Canemaugh river. Two and one half miles northeast of there is a reservoir owned by a rich fishing club. It is the largest reservoir in the U. S. being thirty-one and one-half miles long, and one and one-half miles wide. Its depth is, some places, is 100 feet.

It holds more water than any reservoir, natural or artificial, in the United States. The lake quadrupled in size by artificial means was held in check by a dam from 700 to 1,000 feet long. It is 100 feet in thickness at the base and the height is 110 feet. The top has a breadth of over 20 feet. Recognizing the menace which the lake had to the region below the South Fork Club, had the dam inspected once a month by Pennsylvania Railroad engineers and their investigation shows that nothing less than some convulsion of nature would tear the barrier away and loosen the weapon of death. The steady rains of the past 24 hours increased the volume of water in all the mountain streams which were already swelled by the lesser rains early in the week. From the best information obtainable at this time it is evident that something in the nature of a cloud burst must have been the culmination of a struggle of the water against the embankment. The difficulty in obtaining definite in-

formation added tremendously to the excitement and apprehension. The course of the torrent of the broken dam at the foot of the lake to Johnston is almost 18 miles, and with the exception of at one point the water passed through the narrow "V" shaped valley. Four miles below the dam lay the town of South fork, where the Southfork itself empties into the river. The town contained about 2,000 inhabitants. It has not been heard from, but it is said that four-fifths of it has been swept away.

SECURING THE DEAD.

New Florence, June 1.—The gray morning light does not seem to show any hope of a mitigation of the awful fears of the night. We are where we drove across the mountains in the darkness of the early morning at New Florence, 14 miles from the scene of the desolation at Johnston.

It has been a hard night to everybody. The weary, overworked newspaper men who have been without rest and food since yesterday afternoon and the operators who have handled the messages are even now preparing for the work of the day. There has been a long wrangle over the possession of a special train for the press between rival morning news paper men, and it has delayed the work of the others who are anxious to get further into the east.

Even here so far from the washed-out towns the hero is in our midst. Seven bodies have been found on the shore near this town, two being in a tree, a man and woman, where the tide had carried them.

TALES OF DISASTERS.

The country people are coming in to the news centres in large numbers, telling stories of disasters along the river banks in secluded places.

Jno. C. Cartney, a carpenter who lives in Johnston reached here about 4 o'clock. He left Johnston at half past 4 yesterday, and says the scene when he left was indescribable. The people had been warned early in the morning to move to the highlands, but they did not heed the warning, although it was repeated a number of times up to 1 o'clock, when the water poured into Cinder street several feet deep. Then the houses began rocking to and fro, and, finally, the force of the current carried buildings across the streets and vacant lots dashed them against each other, braking them into fragments. These buildings was loaded with the poor wretches who so shortly before had laughed at the cry of danger.

CLINGING TO BUILDINGS.

McCartney says in some cases he counted as many as 15 people clinging to buildings. McCartney's wife was with him. She had three sisters who lived near her. They saw the house in which these girls lived carried away, and

then they could stand it no longer, so they hurried away. The husband feared his wife would go crazy before he could drag her away and they left the doomed district and went inland along the country road until they reached here.

It is said to be next to impossible to get to Johnston proper to-day in any manner except to row boats. The roads are cut up so that even the country men refuse to travel over them in their roughest vehicles. The only hope is to get within about three miles of Johnston by a special train or by handcar. They will be there by the Associated Press Agent within the next hour.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale made to the undersigned by a Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned by J. P. Fry and wife, M. K. Fry, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Watauga County, N. C., in Book B, page 543, of mortgages, dated the 10th day of April 1889, for the benefit of J. L. Hayes, I will sell for CASH to the highest bidder at the Court House Door in Boone, N. C., on the 1st Monday it being the 1st day of July, 89 the land described in said Trust-Deed containing 123 acres, more or less, lying on the Southeast side of the Flat Top Mountain and both sides of the public road leading from Boone to Blowing Rock, 6 miles from the former and 3 miles from the latter place, being the home place of the said Fry, to satisfy the conditions of said Trust-Deed. Joe B. Todd, May 27 1889. Trustee.

NOTICE.

By virtue of an execution in my hands, for collection, issued from the Superior Court, Clerks office of Watauga Co., in favor of C. D. Taylor and against F. P. Wright and Wm. Lowrance for the sum \$13.15 together with interest and cost I will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court house door in the town of Boone, on the first Monday in July 1889 it being the 1st day in said month F. P. Wright's interest in a certain tract of land it being land purchased by F. P. Wright from Wm. Lowrance in Watauga Township, Watauga County adjoining the lands of Jacob Townsend and Alfred Townsend and others. Said execution being for the purchase money of said lands levied on by me on the 23rd day of May 1889 to satisfy said execution and costs. This the 23rd day of May '89.

J. L. Hayes, Sheriff.

DR. SALMON'S

Hog Cholera Specific.

Cattle Powder, Sheep Cure.

Chicken Powder.

Condition Powder.

Chloroform Lincture.

FOR SALE BY

W. L. BRYAN.

J. F. MORPHEW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Marion, N. C.

Those having lands for sale would do well to place them in my hands. I advertise land free of cost to owner. mar 24 89 ly.